

CONTACTS

Published Monthly by **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED of Winnipeg, Manitoba,
for distribution to the Co-workers of the Organization.

Editor: MORAY SINCLAIR

VOL. 1

JULY, 1932

No. 7

We're Twenty-Seven Years Old This Month

A STORE such as this becomes through association and service a part of its community—and its anniversaries a matter of personal interest. This year's birthday is, however, a notable anniversary in the Store's history.

Eaton's brought to Winnipeg a new service and a new viewpoint in merchandising. It came imbued with the idea that customers' interests were its own. It came committed to a policy of strict integrity and fair dealing. Its record during a period of twenty-seven years has been one of developing latent possibilities in a manner only possible with highly organized efficiency.

Today, carrying on under the aggressive spirit of great impetus and broad expansion, Eaton's has inherited a spirit that makes hardship a pleasure and of difficulty a stimulus to inspiration. No matter how great has been its test, even greater has been the efficiency with which it has been met.

The tremendous growth and expansion made during this period of years is the "merit of approval" placed on the kind of store this is striving to be at all times—simple, sincere, willing, courteous, friendly in spirit and in fact. It's an approval worth working to have, and to hold.

While conditions change with the years, we never forget for a moment the fine traditions which have always linked Eaton's and Winnipeg together. Today it is our privilege to serve that fine old clientele—the bulwark of this community—and to serve also that dynamic young generation which, with old ideas recast in modern form, will lead Winnipeg and the West to new achievements in the future.

—G.H.R.



'CROSS SECTIONS

More Egg-sperms

We almost burst into tears when Mr. Bartholomew, of the Egg Room, told us that a hen could *lay a bad egg*. From earliest childhood we had cherished the illusion that a fresh egg was a new-laid egg—that a new-laid egg was of necessity a fresh egg—and that beyond all question both were eminently fit for consumption at the most finicky breakfast table.

But Mr. Bartholomew changed all that. Now we know that a new-laid egg is *not* necessarily fresh—that a fresh egg need not be new laid—that a new-laid egg is often unfit for consumption—that, as a matter of fact, in the trade there's no such thing as a new-laid egg—the term is taboo.

It's all very disturbing.

But Mr. Bartholomew should know, because during a year, something like eight and a half million eggs will pass through the Egg Room for the efficient little once-over that Mr. B. and his helpers give them before placing them before the public. The girls in the Egg Room are known as "candlers"—a term surviving from the days when eggs were held before a candle and graded. Now, of course, the "candle" is an electric lantern, with light emerging from a single opening a little over an inch wide. The remainder of the room is in semi-darkness.

The day we visited this interesting corner of the organization six candlers were busy, but during many days of

the "peak" season (March, April, May and June) as many as sixteen candlers are on the job, and each girl candles and grades about 500 dozen eggs per day. A candler, it may be noted, takes upwards of a year to train to this state of proficiency. Many of the candlers downstairs have been with the Company eight and ten years.

In the "old days" before eggs and their grading came under government supervision, there were only really two grades: No. 1 (good eggs) and No. 2 (not so good). Today there are six main classifications, with reasonably rigid specifications of weight and quality governing each. These are: Specials, Extras, Firsts, Pullet Extras, Seconds and "Rots."

The purpose of candling is revealed when an egg is held to the light and looked through. Egg-shell is porous; the liquid in the egg can evaporate through it, leaving an air-space in the egg itself. This space is shown up when looking through the egg—the smaller the air-space, the fresher the egg. Other "flaws" in the egg are similarly shown up: "Blood-eggs" showing spots in the white, "grass-eggs" showing a dark yolk due to too much green in the bird's diet. Both these conditions may exist when the egg is laid. Both render the egg unsuitable for consumption, hence to go back to the beginning, a hen *can* lay a "bad" egg. The phrase "new-laid" has been entirely discarded by the trade. It is meaningless. The term "fresh" is used instead, but observe

that a fresh egg means only an egg that is entirely suitable for consumption—and such eggs may be weeks, or even months old—they are still “fresh” and good, provided they have been kept under the proper conditions. Mr. Bartholomew told us of keeping eggs, as an experiment under favorable conditions, for as long as five months, until evaporation was almost complete—yet they were still perfectly fit for consumption, hence, technically, “fresh.”

Quality and degree of freshness attended to, the next classification is by weight. A dozen “Specials” must weigh 25 ounces or over; “Extras,” 24 ounces; “Firsts,” 22½ ounces, and “Pullet Extras,” 20 ounces. “Seconds” have no weight specification, their grading being entirely a matter of quality. A “Pullet Extra” is in every respect, *except weight*, the equal of an “Extra.” They’re simply a small “Extra.” The candler grades for weight at the same time as for quality—“feeling” the weight by her own judgment, rarely, if ever, resorting to the special scales which weigh and classify an egg by weight. The scales are kept mainly for candlers-in-training and for check-ups.

Do your own figuring: Every egg that goes through a candler’s hands must be classified into one of the six classes—and judged for weight. Records of every crate must be kept. Yet the candler disposes of 500 dozen a day—6,000 eggs—more than a dozen a minute all day long!

Try it yourself—but don’t ask us to pay for your accidents—or clean up after you!

Cameras Go Moderne

The Camera Counter’s gone all modern and colorful, as Mr. Hawkins pointed out to us last time we passed that way. Time was when the question, “what color’s a camera?” was a reasonably sensible one, there being only one answer to it, “black.” Nowadays, you might just as sensibly enquire “what color’s a flower?” for the range

available is just about as broad. Blues, greens, greys, reds—they’re colorful as Summer itself—and even when the old black is still adhered to, it is invariably embellished with moderne touches in shining chromium and nickel, making it as much smarter than the old-style picture-box as the present-day streamlined automobile is ahead of the original Bain wagon. The Beau Brownie is a good sample of the new trend in color, and the Six 16 and Six 20 perfect specimens of the modern treatment of black. Even if you have a camera already—or have sworn never to get one—these new cameras are worth a look. See them to gain an idea of how modern decorative trends are hitting new items every day.

Another interesting little contraption Mr. Hawkins showed us was a camera glorying in the name of Eho—about as big as a minute (possibly two inches square all ways) that takes a 1½ by 1¼ picture, splitting the ordinary Vest Pocket Kodak roll of film *two ways* to give you *sixteen* exposures to the roll—a worthwhile consideration, with wheat where it is—and they’re perfectly swell pictures, too!

Golf Balls on the Spot

We don’t know what golf handicap Mr. Pugh, of the Research Bureau, boasts about (or tries to keep hushed up). We don’t care a hoot. What we do know, and can promise you is that Mr. Pugh *can* help you with your golf game—(we say “yours” advisedly. Even Mr. Pugh could do very little with ours).

The point is that just recently Mr. Pugh and his inquisitive satellites of the Research went after golf balls in a big way. That meant just so much bad news for the golf balls they went after, for the Research Bureau, in spite of their Old Country accents, are all from Missouri, and the best-thought-of golf ball’s most tearful pleadings and most earnest assurances of personal merit don’t mean anything more

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to the Research than last week's poker-party means to an income tax-collector. When the Research goes after a golf ball, they find things out for themselves.

Golf balls, as is generally known, are built up in three main divisions: (a) A central core, which may be of solid rubber, semi-plastic rubber, or a plastic, almost liquid paste, enclosed in a small rubber sack; (b) the winding—about umpteen hundred yards of elastic band (it's wide in some, narrow in others), and finally (c) the cover, of hard rubber composition known as balata.

With this much information under their belt, the Research went after more. They took a number of golf balls of good parentage and high reputation and went to work on them to *find out*. They weighed them and measured them—that was easy. Between the lightest and the heaviest there was only a variation of 8/100 of an ounce, a ball weighing 1.55 to 1.63 ounces. Diameters were alike, 1-10/16 inches. So far, all candidates were standing up well. Then the real fun started.

They tested the ball for balance by floating it in mercury, heaviest of all liquids. The properly balanced ball placed on the surface stays steady. The off-balance representative will roll and wobble—just as it will roll and wobble in flight. Some of the Research playthings *did* wobble—the merciless figures went down.

Then they took the poor things and dropped them 36 inches on to a smooth stone base—to test them for rebound or “bounce.” Some of them came back as high as $27\frac{3}{4}$ inches—some could barely make $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches. That's $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in a yard. Figure out for yourself the difference in a 200-yard drive: 450 inches—37½ feet. Worth while? Most golfers would agree.

They tested durability of cover by filing with a blacksmith's hasp—recording the number of strokes necessary to work through. They unwound the elastic, took a 5-inch length and saw how far it would pull out—some

pulled 26 inches—others as much as 48 inches—considerable difference in liveliness. They put the cover in their tensile strength machine and tore it apart. They tried to punch holes in it with a charmingly brutal little spring punch. They dug right down to the rubber cores, and pulled them apart—or, if they were plastic, examined *them* with correspondingly cold thoroughness.

Some of those well-bred, highly rated balls stood up and took it on the chin and came through smiling—pretty badly messed up, but with their reputation still bright. Others flopped dismally in one or another or in several respects. The difference in their performance under the Research third degree is the sort of difference they can make to your golf game. Oh, yes, the Research can help your golf, don't worry!

More on Cheese

The other day, Mr. Bill Miles took us by the hand and led us 'way down through the tunnel and showed us what we suspect may be a particular pet and pride of his.

This was the newly-constructed “Cheese Room”—an unassuming little chamber which Mr. Miles assures us is soon to make Eaton's famous among the cheese connoisseurs of the city. It is a small room, and on either side of narrow aisles run high skeleton racks upon which stand rows and rows of the big cylindrical cheese with which everyone is familiar. Not a particularly stirring sight, true, but the story behind it has considerable interest. Mr. Miles enlarged upon the subject in some detail.

“We have yet to learn how to describe in words the taste or flavor of anything,” said he. “One must actually taste to obtain and know the flavor. This also applies to cheese, either new or old. But one thing we *do* know, is that cheese flavor comes with age—not the age of the taster—but the age of the cheese, which brings us to the point

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of *how* this mellow flavor enters the picture of the older variety.

"Freshly made cheese is rubbery, tough and elastic, and lacks characteristic cheese flavor. In this condition it is called "green," or not cured, and is a solid protein food made from milk, the composition of which is made up of water, fat, casein, milk sugar, albumin and ash.

"Now we introduce the Cheese Room, where various changes occur during the period the cheese are laid therein. The Cheese Room is clean with no sunlight or draft. The temperature is carefully studied and great care taken to keep it steady between 55F. and 58F. At the same time circulation is necessary so that Mother Nature can perform the magical change so pronounced in cheese as it ages.

The ripening period depends upon several governing conditions—temperature, moisture content, texture and flavor required, etc. Medium usually necessitates ten or eleven months, while old cheese cures in around eighteen to twenty months to two years. During the first six months the cheese are turned at regular intervals to keep an even texture; if this was not done, the fat would gradually run to the bottom, leaving half dry and half fatty. During this ripening period some of the milk solids, such as milk sugar, turns to lactic acid, and certain gases develop, chiefly carbon dioxide, but such are minor points to the lover of old cheese. Proteins, casein, bacteria, etc., are but nothing at all—it is the taste and flavor which are the most potent features, for he that knoweth his cheese is a critic indeed, and he who is a critic, well—just offer him a nip of prime old nippy cheese mellowness and he will love you all your life.

Switches

Sometimes a customer leaves a roll of film at our Camera Counter and when he or she calls for it they are surprised to open the envelope and find—not the picture of little "snookums"

which they took on Sunday afternoon, but some pictures of a fat man catching fish. The disappointment and surprise often creates a hostile attitude on the part of the customer and explanation is difficult. "How does it happen?"

A roll of film is developed and handled in gross darkness, and the sense of feel is used more than the sense of sight. The only means of identification, as the film is passed through forty gallons of developer, fixer, and the washing tanks, is a number fastened to the hanger on which the film is suspended. This number follows the order through 21 different operations.

Now, as our Photo Department has developed as many as 3,300 rolls of films in one day, it is quite feasible to expect that now and again a film becomes orphaned and loses its identity. In fact, just as the most efficient laundry will sometimes lose a shirt, and just as the most careful clerk will mislay her lead pencil, or make a wrong address, so photo men working in almost total darkness, switch a film with someone else's. Our statistician says it happens once in 4,753 films in the busy season and once in 11,013 in the slack season, and the switch is straightened out inside of three days in 92 per cent of the occasions.

In cases where the error is not speedily corrected, it is usually because the pictures were not successful and the customer getting the wrong ones concluded they were the right ones, as there was no evidence to the contrary.

—W.G.

After the Sale— What?

Your first thought, to be sure, is of your customer's wishes. As quickly and as pleasantly as possible you show her and sell her what she came to purchase.

Then—because you really are interested in your customer, you invite her to see some of the new and unusual

merchandise in your department. You tell her, if she has a moment, you would like to have her see these new things—you show them—you and the customer chat a moment or two about them. She thanks you and tells you she is glad to know about them. Often she makes an additional purchase on the spot.

But the most important point is this: You've shown your customer that you take an interest in her—that you like her. Mutual friendliness—mutual interest. Is it any wonder this customer will call for you again when she comes in to make a purchase?

An Old Myth— A New Meaning

Do you remember the story of Sisyphus? Sisyphus, in case you have forgotten your mythology, was condemned by Pluto to roll a great stone up a steep hill. Everytime he got it nearly to the top, it would roll back and he had to begin all over again. It is one of the tragedies of human existence that most people spend a great part of their lives beginning again at their beginnings.

Take, for example, the matter of Life Assurance. People take out a Life Assurance policy realizing that it is a good thing for them to do, and that it is one way of reaching their financial objective. Some of them, like Sisyphus, after toiling patiently over easy grades, throw up the sponge when the going gets hard and lose all the advantage they have gained. And this, except under pressure of the direst need, is a breach of faith to one's dependents and a declaration of failure to oneself.

The man who lets his policy drop has destroyed the work he once thought it worth while to put his hand to, merely because it has now become a bit harder to keep up. He finds himself in a worse position than our friend Sisyphus. All that Sisyphus had to do was to start again, with the same opportunities and the same handicaps. This is not true in

the case of Life Assurance. No man can buy a policy as cheaply again as he did once. If you have a policy, hang on to it! It represents a sacrifice made, a work done. If it was ever worth the effort you put into it, it is still worth that effort. If you let it go now, you render useless a sacrifice made in the past and set yourself a harder task in the future.

Feathered Schoolmasters

We're constantly finding out things on our rounds—and constantly, with praiseworthy magnanimity, showing our finds with our co-workers. Our most recent tit-bit of information has to do with the training of high-bred Roller Canaries. Miss McLean, of the Bird Counter, told us and we hasten to press with it.

It appears that Canary "Schoolmasters" are chosen with the greatest care. Birds that are themselves winners of competitions, or capable of winning such. When the birds are put up for training they are placed in separate cages, and the Schoolmaster is placed in a similar cage. The Schoolmasters are usually kept in cages with folding doors and ground-glass fronts. This is to keep out the light and prevent the birds seeing what is going on around them. At certain times during the day the doors are thrown open and the birds begin to sing at once. Immediately the Schoolmaster commences his song the young trainees listen attentively, and for some time they do nothing but listen. Then they pick up a note or two and begin to imitate the Schoolmaster. Lessons are given several times during the day in this manner. Careful observation must be kept on the young birds, and any that strike harsh, discordant notes must be removed or they will speedily spoil the whole of their companions. The training continues for about three months, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter.

And here we thought that singing was all a natural process with canaries!

We Go Forward

Material Progress, 1905-1932

Writing in the "Dry Goods Economist," Mr. S. H. Detchett, editor of that widely recognized publication, has said:

"The growth of the Toronto business of The T. Eaton Co. has been remarkable. That of the Company's Winnipeg Store has been phenomenal."

Prior to 1904, the Western business of The T. Eaton Co. had been discussed purely from a Mail Order standpoint. The idea of building in Winnipeg, indeed, was first suggested solely as a means of saving time and expense in transporting goods to customers in the Western Provinces.

But representatives, after visiting the ground, were in favor of a combined Store and Mail Order. And we note with pardonable pride that the chief enthusiast in favor of the establishment of a retail business was the late Sir John C. Eaton (at the time, of course, Mr. John C. Eaton). It is largely to his vision and imagination and faith in the rich future of the Canadian West that the Winnipeg organization owes its existence today. And of his subsequent activity in the interests of the Winnipeg Store, too much cannot be said. For once the project had been approved, it was on his shoulders that the whole burden of the enterprise was squarely placed. It was an epoch in his career. The Winnipeg Store was the first large business venture for which he assumed sole responsibility. This was the point where his father, Mr. Timothy Eaton, put him to the crucial test.

The first sod was turned on July 24th, 1904, and excavating proceeded at a rapid pace. On the 17th of March the following year the first brick was

laid, and early in July the building was ready for business—a record for construction that left the builders of that day struck dumb with wonder.

Several hundred cars of merchandise were waiting on the tracks and in the sheds. It was soon installed in the various sections of the Store. And on Saturday afternoon, July 15th, 1905, a few days less than a year from the turning of the first sod, the formal opening took place, the public being invited to inspect the premises.

It was a gala event—attended by all members of the Eaton family who could make it possible to be present. They entered into the spirit of the occasion with immense enthusiasm. At the moment set for the doors to be unlocked, Mr. Timothy Eaton, together with little Timothy, son of Mr. John C. Eaton, performed the ceremony of pulling the bell, which was the signal for the throwing open of the doors. The crowds rushed in, the first person to cross the threshold, an enterprising small boy, receiving a prize of \$5.00 from Mr. Eaton. And throughout the afternoon the sight-seeing proceeded with that happy swing which marks the inauguration of a new and interesting enterprise.

On Monday, July 17th, the Store opened for the first day's business. The ladies of the Toronto party graced the occasion in a very practical manner. Mrs. Timothy Eaton acted as a floor-walker. Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Burden, was a cashier; Mrs. John C. Eaton and Mrs. E. Y. Eaton were on the selling staff. For which services, it may be mentioned, incidentally, they were paid at the prevailing rate of a day's wage for the particular work they undertook.

The original building extended back about one-third of the distance covered by the entire building as now completed. With the exception of a part which was six stories high, the first section consisted of five stories and base-

ment. It was occupied in 1905. In the following year its height was made uniform—six stories.

The business increased so rapidly that in 1907 there was completed a large addition at the rear on the Donald Street side, carrying one-half of the building out to its present dimensions. This building conformed in height to that which was already standing, having six stories and basement. The basement was carried further under a part of the site then remaining vacant, this part being in the rear centre.

In 1909, a floor was added to the original building, making it seven stories above ground, and two floors were erected over the extended basement section. Also a four-story building adjoining the two-story structure to which reference has just been made, was erected. The four-story building, with its total floor space of 75,932 square feet, is still in use.

A year later another section, consisting of eight floors and basement, was built, and the previously erected sections were raised to a similar height, with a ninth floor on part of the building. The two-story building which, as stated above, had been erected in the rear centre, was also built up to eight stories. Thus was developed a total floor space in the main (or store) building, which aggregates 702,938 square feet.

Part of a spacious one-story shed, with a total floor area of 27,000 square feet, which is now in use for receiving and delivery purposes, was constructed in 1909.

In 1910 there was also erected and equipped a power house, having two stories and basement, with a total floor area of 38,688 square feet, which is still in use for ventilating, heating and reserve power purposes, though electric current is now obtained from outside sources.

Mail Order Building No. 1 was completed and occupied in 1917, No. 2 in 1921. The four-story stables were erected in 1918. The "birthday" of the one-story garage between the Mail Order and the Stables—and the larger garage, on Graham, is 1913.



JAMES H. CAMPBELL

*Born 1884—Died Winnipeg,
June 12th, 1932*

Few figures will be so sincerely missed from the familiar paths they trod in the Store's daily activities.

Mr. Campbell's untimely death on June 12th, following a short illness, came as a profound shock to his many friends, deprived the Company of an able executive and tireless worker, and brought a keen sense of loss to all who had been associated with him.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, coming to this country in 1911. His wide experience in London and Birmingham drapery houses prior to coming to Canada, well qualified him for the position for which he applied to Eaton's, and in August, of the same year, he joined 226 Department, acting in an advisory capacity in the matter of interior decorating. So pronounced was his ability in this direction that in 1918, he was elevated to the position of buyer and supervisor of the Drapery Departments, which he occupied until the time of his death. His knowledge of all phases of his business was profound, and he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the finest drapery men in the Dominion.

Throughout the Store his presence will be missed alike by subordinate and superior. And to that still wider circle of men and women who knew him personally, our sympathy is particularly extended. Over the years, Mr. Campbell left the impression of his kindly and cultured personality upon many—the sense of loss is sincere, and deep.

EATON Employees' Charitable Fund

A Statement of the Monies Received and Distributed Under the Administration of the Above Fund

Administration—The Executive Board consists of ten employees, elected as follows: Departments send representatives to a meeting, which elects for the committee: chairman, secretary, two representatives each for City and Mail merchandise departments, and two each for City and Mail expense departments. There is also a representative from the First Assistants and the Staff Committee. The Board meets monthly or at special call of the chair, and all appeals are fully discussed and all donations and resolutions put to the vote.

Aims—This fund is maintained to make one central body to collect and administer such subscriptions as are voluntarily given by employees to be used for charitable purposes—it is the Eaton employees' gift to outside charities and institutions in and around the city. Employees have the privilege of recommending institutions or organizations for donations, or of lodging complaints against institutions we help for the committee to investigate.

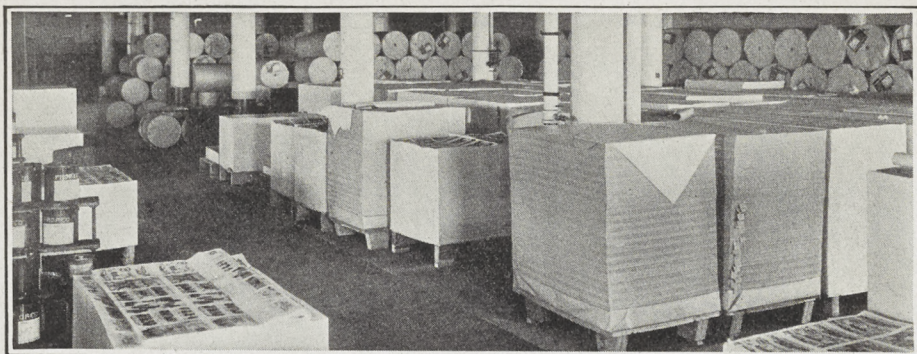
STATEMENT OF EATON EMPLOYEES' CHARITABLE FUND FOR YEAR APRIL, 1931, TO MARCH, 1932

COLLECTIONS	
Balance on hand, March, 1931.....	\$ 909.63
April, 1931	912.05
May, 1931	911.60
June, 1931	854.00
July, 1931	775.65
August, 1931	718.65
September, 1931	651.85
October, 1931	737.05
November, 1931	795.75
December, 1931	812.30
January, 1932	804.55
February, 1932	785.75
March, 1932	771.60
	<hr/>
	\$10,440.43

DISBURSEMENTS	
May 27 Lakeside Fresh Air Camp	\$ 150.00
May 27 Grace Hospital	500.00
May 27 Associated Fresh Air Camps	750.00
May 27 Manitoba Social Hygiene..	500.00
June 6 Robertson Memorial Hospital Camp	100.00
June 29 Federated Budget	1,500.00
Sept. 5 Federated Budget	1,500.00
Dec. 14 Tribune Empty Stocking Fund	400.00
Dec. 16 Imperial Veterans' Ladies' Auxiliary	25.00
Dec. 16 St. Boniface Hospital Children's Ward	25.00
Dec. 16 Army and Navy Ladies' Auxiliary	25.00
Dec. 16 Canadian Legion Ladies' Auxiliary	25.00
Dec. 16 St. James Welfare	200.00
Dec. 16 Lighthouse Mission	100.00
Dec. 16 Salvation Army	200.00
Dec. 18 Protestant Orphanage	15.01
Dec. 19 Mayor's Unemployed Christmas Cheer Fund..	100.00
Dec. 22 Deer Lodge Hospital, Cigarettes	200.00
Dec. 22 General Hospital— Soldiers' Ward	25.00
Dec. 22 Children's Aid	71.12
Dec. 22 Sir Hugh John MacDon- ald Memorial Hostel....	15.00
Dec. 28 Old Folks' Home	166.71
Jan. 5 Federated Budget	1,500.00
Mar. 21 Federated Budget	2,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$10,092.84
Credit Balance	347.59
	<hr/>
	\$10,440.43

Balance due Federated Budget.... \$ 2,000.00
Balance due Children's Hospital.. 500.00

Information regarding the work of the board of this fund is available any time from the chairman, secretary, or any member of the committee; or a representative will be sent to any department on request to explain this work.



Some of the paper—about half of what will go into a Fall and Winter Catalogue

The Catalogue "Goes to Press"

*Something About the Main Function of 1203—
The Printing Plant*

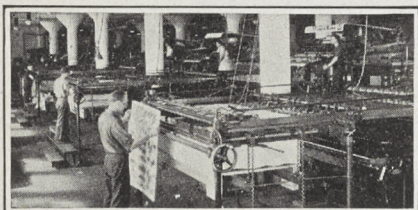
Probably few of us ever visit the Printing Plant, and so, seldom think of it. And those of us who do visit it regularly, or who work there, are possibly inclined to take too much for granted the magnitude of this great establishment or the significance to the organization of what goes on there.

To begin with, it is probably the finest and most completely equipped printing plant in Western Canada. There is no variety of fine printing which it is not prepared to undertake and does undertake regularly. The in-

cidental printing alone, for such a great store as this, takes much of their time. Circular letters and folders, menu cards, announcements, booklets for various departments are all turned out here. *Contacts* is printed here. But, of course, the main object in the existence of the Printing Plant is the printing of that great Western institution—Eaton's Catalogue. It is only with this phase of their activity which we can deal here.

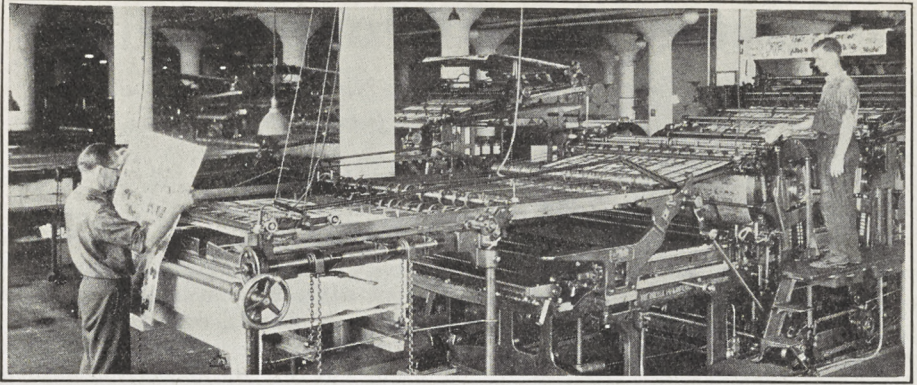
Preparation of the Catalogue is, of course, the duty of the Mail Order Advertising Department. That actually starts about a full year before publication. But of the procedure regarding the requisition and allotment of space—of the page planning—the making up of "dummies"—the copy and art work—we shall have to tell in another article. We deal here only with 1203's part.

This commences when the "copy" or reading matter for each page arrives, accompanied by a "blue print" or photographic reproduction of the page as it will actually appear. The blue print shows where on each page each piece of copy will appear. Compositors



*The "battery" of presses that turn out
the Catalogue*

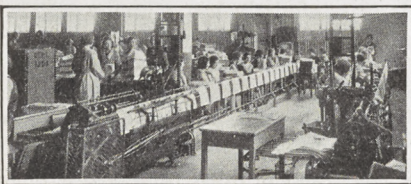
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A close-up of one of the huge presses

or typesetters go to work and set this copy to the space indicated—most of it by machines, a great deal by hand. When the “plates” arrive (metal reproductions of the drawings, from which the drawing is printed), plate and type are assembled together, several pages in a single form, and electrotypes are made, an electrotype being a reproduction, in a single metal block, of the assembled type and plate.

These electrotyped forms are then placed on the huge presses and the actual printing commences—day after day the long battery of presses hum with activity until the “run” is complete and the big sheets—so many pages to each sheet—are stacked and ready for “folding,” so that each page falls into its proper sequence—for cutting the folded edges and trimming to the required page size. The pages are then ready for binding.



The Bindery, where sheets are stitched together

Down in the bindery, long lines of operators sit before a moving rod. Beside each operator is a pile of pages—all the same number or numbers. As the rod moves past her (see photo)—she places on the section of pages her own contribution and the section moves on with the rod until the section is complete and goes through the stitchers which mechanically stitches the pages together, from whence the various sections are compiled and mechanically bound and covered to take the form so well recognized throughout the West today.

All this is given in the barest of outline—space cannot be taken to give in detail the electrotyping process—the process of the presses—the manner in which the color pages are produced—the story of the paper that is used—each one a subject for an article in itself. This is only a skeleton note to remind us that here in our midst is a great plant, ceaselessly humming with activity turning out in unnumbered thousands a book that finds its way to the remotest corners of the wilderness—to lonely farmhouse—to Arctic outpost—Eaton's Catalogue—the Handbook of the West.

Baxter, the Picture Printer

*A Short Note on the Artist Whose Name is Now Famous
Through the Beautiful "Baxter Prints"*

Colored pictures—beautiful, faithful reproductions of oil paintings or other masterpieces by individual artists—are so common to us of the present day, that we too seldom think of the struggle which lies behind their evolution. We know they are now turned out mechanically, with a precision and accuracy that practically duplicates the original. What of the earlier days of this industry? Who was the first to *print* colored pictures—how did he go about it?

Undoubtedly the most famous was Richard Baxter, a publisher and printer of England who died on January 11th, 1867. We know his work today—but not much about it. We know that a "Baxter Print" makes a splendid wedding present—but how many know how they were made—know anything of the man who made them?

Baxter printed from plates and blocks. To use a simple example, let us suppose he required to print a red initial "B" on a blue ground. The ground plate would consist of a wood or metal block with the letter "B" cut deeply in "Intaglio"—that is, dug out. This block, inked with blue and pressed on paper, would give us a clear white initial "B" on a blue ground. To complete the process, a block would have to be carved with the initial "B" in "cameo"—that is, in relief—a "B" whose outline would have to fit in *exactly* with the untinted portion of the paper. So we can easily see that in the case of a picture containing many shades of color—and Baxter used as many as twenty and thirty—how complicated the process becomes, and what care is necessary to ensure proper superimposition—no overlapping of colors—good "register."

And it was all done by hand!

And yet in the Baxter Print we have something in color work which com-

mands admiration and almost defies rivalry even today.

The most important thing to consider was, of course, "register," and one needs little imagination to appreciate the colossal difficulty of making twenty or thirty different color blocks "fit" so that the final result shall be clear-cut, clean and beautiful, just as though painted by hand—and not a blurred and indistinct mess. Yet go down to the Picture Section and examine any one of the many beautiful Baxters which they have there. Examine them closely for any such flaws as we have mentioned—there are none. Verify your finding *under a magnifying glass*—and then you will appreciate why Richard Baxter, working close on a hundred years ago, is still revered as an artist—one to whom no labor, no amount of time mattered, so long as the resulting product of his hands was something beautiful—something perfect. Not the finest machinery we have developed today can excel his accuracy and beauty.

It is sad to reflect that Richard Baxter, in common with many another genius should, after his brilliant career, die a financial failure. Having perfected his process, he became embroiled in law-suits with imitators. Upheld by the courts, he continued for some time with reasonable material success. But in the meantime, simpler processes were being developed—chromo lithography and photography—leading up to the processes we know today. This work was not so good as Baxter's, but it was infinitely less complicated, and the patient hands of Baxter and his workmen could not keep up with the tremendous production. He was adjudged bankrupt by his own petition in 1865, and died two years later.

But the world has forgotten who his creditors were, and the Baxter Print will be famous for all time.

Groyd Flibbons at the Battle of Elmhurst

June 20th, 1932

Well, folks, I'm just back from the Big Engagement and I want to tell you that of all major entanglements it's been my privilege to report during a career that's taken me to France, Egypt, Mexico, Manchuria, Palm Beach and St. Vital, never have I seen anything that surpassed the Battle of Elmhurst for such concentrated fury of the contestants, and such feverish action over such a wide area.

Dissociated Press despatches had brought us word of the big offensive that was about to be launched on the 20th, but in spite of all our efforts to be on the ground when the troops were moving into position, the battle was well under way when I and my little party arrived.

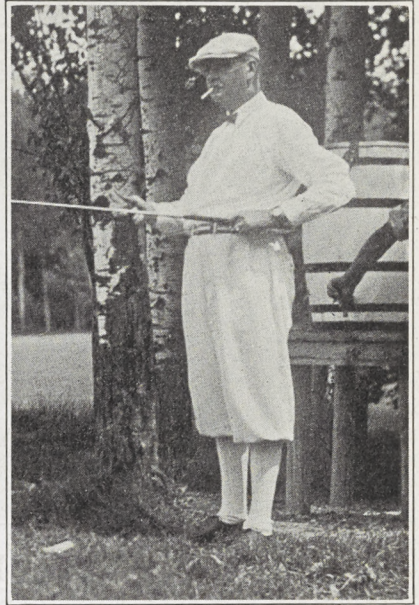
It was a colorful scene that I'll never forget as long as I live, the uniforms of the combatants ranging from cold, deadly white to a kaleidoscope of color that would put the most brilliant of mediaeval warriors to shame, and forming a constantly changing pattern against the bright green background of the pleasant meadow in which the action was taking place.

Advised in advance by special agents of where the fight would be thickest, I made my way carefully through a terrific barrage of hooks and slices to a Map Location known as Waterhole, and boy, I want to state that hereabouts the carnage was frightful and only the strongest nerves could stand the tension. I took up my position in a disused gopher-hole and watched the action until even a seasoned campaigner like myself was forced to flee

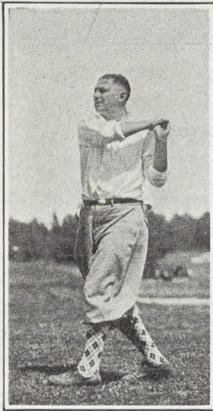
from the rain of unparliamentary phrases that followed each projectile as it hurtled towards its watery resting-place. Beside the maelstrom of Waterhole the remainder of the battle seemed

like a two-day cricket match on the village green. But everywhere we saw Form and Teaching go by the board as the lust of conflict seized the fighters, and everything was lost sight of in the mad progress to the finish.

Names are insignificant in an assemblage such as this was and we refrain from quoting any, for, as the morning wore on, we lost sight of all individuals in contemplation of the general picture. My camera man was busy sniping all day, and I'm presenting a few of his prizes here. These will have to be the only individual tributes paid. But what a battle it was, folks, and as the last exhausted fighters staggered to the goal and we departed in a fast plane to get our story in to the wires, our great thought for the day was: *What a bunch of Golfers, this Eaton Fraternity!*



Mr. Tucker



Mr. Matthews



Mr. Palmer



Mr. Eaton



THE "IRONMEN"

*Eaton Entry in the City Commercial Softball League
and Winners of First Series of that League*

Back Row, from left to right—C. Saunders, G. Chambers, D. Tomes, D. Sprout,
O. Westman, G. Edginton, W. Cousins, C. Olson.
Front Row, left to right—F. Anderton, J. Woods, D. Gordon, P. Helland, J. Johnston,
A. Harding, H. Edginton (Mascot).
Missing from Picture—C. Butterill and H. Lewis.

"Slim" Saunders, Dept. 122, pitcher and outfielder. Keeps them guessing with his famous slow ball and learnt his batting from the Eaton Cricket team. A sure catch in the outfield, and how he lays down the bunt.

George Chambers, Dept. 222, third base. For information regarding this player's ability enquire at 99 Ruby. Not much passes George at the key-stone sack. A great hitter.

"Lefty" Tomes, W.B.O., outfielder. Regular basket in the field but at bat—well! As good a fielder as there is in any league.

"Dunc" Sprout, Dept. 254, first base. First year with the Ironmen; going great. However, Dunc apparently prefers weddings to baseball.

"Dazzler" Westman, Dept. 2, second short. Has not yet hit his stride, but we are looking for big things from Olie before the season ends. Comes through in the pinches when at bat.

Gill Edginton, Dept. 41, second base. It looks as though a certain party will have to be brought in from Bird's Hill, as it appears he is looking in that direction when the ball is coming. Useful man at bat.

"Bill" Cousins, Dept. 52, first base. We had Bill's tonsils removed so he could play any position. The bats will have to be made larger or Bill is going to break his back. Useful man to any team.

Claude Olson, Dept. 135, alias Lawrence Tibbett. Pitcher of no mean ability. This is his first year with the team. Has had lots of experience in the Senior League. Claude will have his work cut out for him if we reach the finals. Makes a great impression with the ladies.

"Tiny" Anderton, Dept. 227, catcher. When catching, reminds one of a cat after a mouse. Very few are fortunate in stealing bases on Frankie.

CONTACTS

THE "IRONMEN"—Continued

Also the Babe Ruth of the team. Just 5 feet, but every inch a ball player.

Jackie Woods, Dept. 101, first short. Another newcomer, and what a help he is. Another hitter of no mean ability. Prefers blondes. Has had nine years of senior ball experience.

"*Baldy*" *Gordon*, Dept. 227, outfielder. Next issue we expect to be able to say big things about this player. Also plays senior ball.

Pete Heiland, Dept. 1203, pitcher. Always can rely on him to pull you through in the pinches. Every year sees Pete pitching better ball. A great asset to the team. Prefers brunettes.

Johnnie Johnston, Dept. 13, assistant manager. "*Art*" *Harding*, Dept. 41, manager de luxe. All the work of the team falls on the shoulders of these two. Can step in and fill any position, so players please take warning.

Harry Edginton, mascot. Knows his bats and balls. If you don't think so, try and take one.

Chris Butterill, Dept. 129, outfielder and catcher. Chris hails from the Cubs in the Eaton League; a very useful man. Plays a nice game in the outfield and can step in and catch when required.

"*Heck*" *Lewis*, Dept. 220, outfielder. This is a new man; plays with the Uneda seniors. We are looking forward to him to put a lot of punch in the team.

Softball League

Many close and interesting games have been played at Sargent Park in the Softball League, and big crowds are being entertained at many of the games.

In the boys' A Division the Cubs, under the leadership of J. Moore, are setting a dizzy pace, only tasting defeat once in the first three weeks of play when the Candies nosed them out on June 8th, and after only 55 minutes of play they were forced to take the low

end of an 8 to 6 score. The Candies and Tigers are having quite a time to see who should hold second place, and at the time of writing the Candies have it by the slim margin of one game. The Athletics, who are at present trailing the division, have been causing a lot of worry to the other teams, particularly the league leaders. They have been nosed out in the last innings each time these teams have met. With just an odd break or two they will cause a lot of trouble before the league is much older.

In the B Division of the boys' league the Printers are having things pretty much their own way, having five wins and no losses to their credit. The Royals, last year's champions, and the Bats are battling it out for second place, while the Edgerites and Rangers are tied for the cellar. The Rangers have been doing a lot of housecleaning of late and much is expected in the near future. The same can be said of their cellar mates, who have just acquired the services of another pitcher.

In the girls' A Division a big change has come about when last year's champions have to be satisfied with the dug-out position, while the Summerettes, last year's runners up, are sitting pretty on top of the heap, with the Spades in second place.

The girls' B Division is causing a lot of excitement and are drawing bigger crowds than any of the other divisions because they are playing fast ball and the division is more even. The Orioles, last year's champions, are tied for first place with the Imps. Both teams are showing big improvement over last year. The Lucky Strikes are at present at the bottom, but are not doomed to die, if Percy has anything to say about it, as they are only two games down and they have a fighting team.

In the girls' C Division many coming players are to be found, and many of them will be in faster company next year. The Diamond Dots are league leaders at present, with the Dubs and Elites having all the fun in second and third places.

CONTACTS

FOUL TIPS

The theme song at Sargent Park:
"Who swiped our ball?"

* * *

Phyllis and Pearl, headed by Mary of the Elites, were stopped by the park-keeper after they had wandered around the different diamonds about three times, and were asked what they were looking for. They replied they were searching for that nice bright, shining plate that they saw a picture of in last month's *Contacts*.

* * *

Percy is still knocking the ball to all corners of the park, but he doesn't seem to get any thinner after circling the bases so often.

* * *

Yes, Johnny Moore is still carrying that prosperity smile. Look where the Cubs are.

* * *

The Orioles should change their name to "the Campbells are coming."

* * *

Umpire Clay is still considering a new whisk.

* * *

The Royals are wondering who turned the league upside down.

* * * *

LEAGUE STANDING

League standing, including games played June 10th, 1932:

BOYS—A DIVISION

Team	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Cubs	7	6	1	857
Candies	7	4	3	571
Tigers	7	3	4	429
Athletics	7	1	6	143

B DIVISION

Printers	5	5	0	1000
Royals	6	4	2	667
Bats	6	3	3	500
Edgerites	5	1	4	200
Rangers	6	1	5	167

GIRLS—A DIVISION

Summerettes	6	5	1	833
Spades	5	2	3	400
Rogues	5	1	4	200

B DIVISION

Team	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Imps	5	3	2	600
Orioles	5	3	2	600
Lucky Strikes	4	1	3	250

C DIVISION

Diamond Dots	5	4	1	800
Dubs	5	2	3	400
Elites	6	2	4	333

The Road Race

On Friday, May 27th, a two-mile steeplechase was held at Sargent Park. Six runners out of ten entries started in this novelty race. All competitors were given a handicap with the exception of A. Thorogood and T. Caldwell, who were scratch men; A. Thorogood finishing first and T. Caldwell third, the winner's time being 8 minutes 28 seconds. W. Nixon was second, Stan Taylor fourth, Jim Harding fifth and T. Scott sixth.

The course was two laps around the track, once around the park and then finishing with two and one-half laps around the track. In their trek around the park the boys had four obstacles to overcome, first a large tarpaulin to crawl under. This was navigated by all runners except Bill Nixon, who was going so fast that he forgot to crawl under and just lifted up the tarpaulin and ran under, pulling up all the pegs that held down the corners, so that the officials stationed at this particular obstacle had to do the 5.30 rush and peg down the tarpaulin for the next runner. There were also three sets of hurdles 2 feet 6 inches high, which were easily overcome. Tommy Scott, twice winner of the Boston Marathon and Eaton's only representative for the 1932 Olympics, chased the boys home, finishing last, but Tommy said, "I would have finished if it had taken me all night," but we know differently, because on that last lap a fair young damsel was standing at the finish and when Tommy saw her, well, it was time to start running.

The officials were: Messrs. Summers, Thorogood, Rossebo, Allan, Brownrigg and Smith.

"A Satisfied Soul"

By KATHARINE MIDDLETON, 224

"Give me a well-cooked, well-served meal, a bouquet, and a sunset, and I can do more for a man's soul than all the cant ever preached."—Ann Ellis.

Read that once or twice, three times even, and if you don't agree with Ann Ellis, there *must* be something wrong with you. May we exercise the editorial privilege and quietly slip in two words? What we would *like* to say is "*well-planned, well-cooked, well-served meal.*" There! Now we feel better.

This is not to be one of those "drier-than-dust" articles, lectures, or what have you? But we *are* going to drop a few words to the wise and more than a few to the not so wise.

You know, too many of us take our health for granted. We consider that our health "*just is,*" and neither encourage or safeguard it. Do we realize what a precious possession we have in good health? Do we stop and think that our whole outlook upon life, our reactions, our pleasures and joys depend almost entirely upon our health?

Envy him who has good health! Watch his springy step. He dines with relish, and good digestion. Even the simple things of life are to him joyous and give him happiness.

The first rule of healthful living is the right choice of food. Most people spend the largest part of their income for food. Why not invest that in good health, rather than buy sickness? Stock up in bonds of good health, and your premiums will pay more than your investment. Wrong choice of foods undermines health and tears down the protective barriers of your body and leaves it an easy prey to disease. The right choice of food supplies energy, minerals, food elements to make it grow, some to regulate its functions,

some to build new tissues and repair old ones, and others to protect the body from disease.

Habit plays a very great part in man's destiny. Many of his most important actions in life are a matter of habit—good or bad. Food is a necessity, but if we increase our knowledge of it and its functions, and cultivate good food habits, it soon becomes a pleasure not only to satisfy those frequent "hunger pangs" but as a pleasant interlude. We not only "eat to live" but "live to eat."

We must have three meals a day, and at regular periods. Just as a stoker on an engine stokes the fiery furnace at regular periods, to keep the engine going, oils it and repairs it, so must we tend our own "engines." We stoke our furnaces to liberate energy, to grow, to repair our broken and worn-out parts, to regulate its functions, to fortify its barricades against disease.

Nature provides us with what science has taught us to call protective foods. *There is no substitute for these.* Briefly speaking, these are milk, eggs, raw fruits and generous portions of cooked leafy vegetables. Bread, meats and potatoes also have their parts to play in satisfying our needs. When you have included the protective foods in your diet, *then* your taste may dictate the rest. Time and again have we seen not one, but many people have for lunch a bottled soft drink *and nothing more*, and we know they do this habitually. If they could only realize what harm they are doing! Not that the soft drink will actually harm them—far from it—because these carbonated beverages, properly made, and with pure ingredients, are good health foods. They are valuable as so-called "thirst quenchers" and supply certain necessary minerals, but as a full-course luncheon do *not* fulfil the body needs. Where is the bulk—the proteins—the vitamins—energy yielding foods?

CONTACTS

Those who reduce their lunches to a beverage, in order to save money, and cut down on expenses, are "penny wise and pound foolish," for what they save this way will be spent many times over in doctor's bills, poor health, and inefficiency. *You cannot be efficient without good health.*

Each meal should be complete in itself. As we write these words we can see many heads wagging, and almost hear tongues saying, "that's all very well if you *know* those things, but how are *we* to know what we should eat? How are we to choose good meals if we haven't the knowledge and understanding of our body needs?" Exactly. But—how many of the female of the species neglect their faces or their figures? Do they choose their cosmetics and clothes without some forethought as to individual types and requirements? Not very many of them, if any. They peruse the style books almost religiously, consult cosmetic experts, read every advertisement, etc., in order to add to their knowledge and improve their appearances. Good for you. You are wise to avail yourselves of these excellent opportunities. And the males? (Don't worry—they won't escape our little "lecture.") Do they miss any of the articles on golf—or contract—or investments—or a good detective story? Not many, if any. And why should they? They enjoy them. *But*—if we have time to read style books or beauty articles, golf notes, novels, etc., surely we can find time to read even some of the many available articles on health, food, diet, etc. The magazines are full of them, written by eminent authorities. Excellent books have been written for the layman—easy to read and understand and full of wise advice. Devote even half as much time toward improving your knowledge of this subject as you do toward others. The opportunities are around us—let's make use of them. Lack of knowledge of proper food habits is no excuse with so much available literature. Dr. Walter Eddy (Good Housekeeping Institute) gives us excellent advice when he tells us to "acquire what facts we can. When we

are sick let the expert advise us. When we are well we need advice, for in such study we learn how to *maintain our health.*"

Enough of this! Let's talk about hot-weather foods, and try to be "cool as a cucumber." Summertime is salad time, and nothing is more appealing to a jaded appetite or on a hot day, than a nice crisp, luscious salad of fruits or vegetables, hard-cooked egg, fish, or even some kind of meat. There is an almost endless list of them—easy to prepare and easy to digest. A glass of cold milk serves not only as a food but as an excellent thirst quencher. If you simply cannot drink milk as *milk*, take it as a simple custard, an egg-nog, flavored with chocolate or cocoa—or even that Summer favorite—ice cream. Bread and butter, cookies, or plain cakes, fruit juices or a good carbonated beverage, simple desserts—all these will give you a large variety from which to choose. Simple foods chosen wisely, simple meals—at regular times—means the first rule of healthful living well established.

Good health means increased efficiency and greater joy and happiness. For—given "a well-planned, well-cooked, well-served meal," your palate will be so appeased, and your meal so complete, that you will sit back with a sigh of content and a soul that is satisfied, for to you then, "the beauty of a sunset or a bouquet" will give more joy and peace than "any cant ever preached."

210 Puts Over the "RAG-OF-A-HAT"

The Moguls of Millinery have been chortling merrily ever since the establishment of their circle on the Main Floor, devoted to the promotion of the little "Rag-of-a-Hat" which has proven such a sensation in feminine circles this season. The success of the circle was almost instantaneous, and it has held the public fancy ever since it was first set up. Our congratulations are duly extended to Miss Hall for her enterprise and imagination.

CONTACTS

New Members Join the Quarter-Century Club



Miss Louisa Bode, Department 106A. Miss Bode is proud of the fact that she was born and educated in Old London, England. She came to Canada in 1907, and just a few days after her arrival (June 5th), joined Eaton's, commencing her service in Dress Goods—moving shortly to Groceries, where she served until 1926, the remainder of her time since being occupied in the C.O.D. Office.

* * *

Mr. William Davidson, 221 Department, was born in Dundalk, County Lough, Ireland, came to Winnipeg in 1907, joining Eaton's on June 13th, of that year—he was for a time in the Mail Order Packing Department, moving thence to China Packing and to 221 Stockroom. He is married and has one daughter.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Warren, 162 Department. Mr. Warren was born in "Zom-erzet," England, but he came to Canada some 42 years ago—at which time he must have been the merest child, if present appearance goes for anything. Before coming to Eaton's on June 24th, 1907, he was employed in the local Freight Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Joining Eaton's, he entered Transportation and his entire service since, has been spent in this department.

* * *

Mr. J. Grant Somerville, Department 103A, was born in Georgetown, Ontario, and did not come West until 1903, being employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway until June 24th, 1907, when he joined the Transportation Department of Eaton's, progressing

through the General Office to the Head Cashier's Office, Cash Office, Superintendent's Office, Saskatoon Store, and back to Head Cashier's Office. He is married and has one daughter.

* * *

Mr. Edward Dixon, Department 155. Mr. Dixon was born and brought up in Truro, Cornwall, England, and came to Canada just twenty-five years ago—Eaton's was his first employer, signing Mr. Dixon up on June 28th, 1907. His first position was in Hardware, from which, during the ensuing eight years, he moved in turn to the Receiving Room, to the Night Staff, Despatch, Stock Room, and finally, some seventeen years ago, to Department 155, Fire Protection. He is now the head of that department.

* * *

Miss Emily Whelham, Department 116 (Mail Order Copying), is a daughter of Old London, England. Miss Whelham came to Canada in 1904, going to Walsh, Alberta, and coming from there to Winnipeg in 1907, joining Eaton's on June 24th of that year, as a parcel girl. Following this, she served in 19 Department for a time and thence to 116, where she has been ever since. She leaves on her vacation in August to visit sisters in Toronto.



We know of two men—one awaits the return of prosperity, the other tries to bring it about. Both are good men, but the last named is the better of the two.

Looking Backward



Picnic—1906 Model

We are particularly fortunate in being able to present in the "Looking Backward" Section of this, our Anniversary Number, a photograph of such interest as the above—a relic of the earliest days of the Store that must pull at the heart-strings of every old-timer, and at the same time furnish ample inspiration to service for the younger members of the organization. The gathering shown above were attendants at a picnic given by Mr. Harry McGee in June, 1906, at Elm Park—the first official "Store Picnic."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Back Row, Left to Right—R. L. Harrison, Mrs. R. L. Harrison—(nee Muirhead), R. D. MacLean, Sid Byers, Howard McGregor, Mrs. N. C. Smith, Mrs. G. F. Davey, G. F. Davey, Harvey Bowles, Miss M. Coulson, Mr. A. A. Gilroy, Mrs. A. A. Gilroy, Mr. Harry McGee (Toronto), Mrs. S. Wilson, S. Wilson, Miss Maude Foote, Joe Burrows, Miss F. Dennison, Miss E. McKittrick, Miss M. V. Foote, E. L. Ziegler.

Second Row, Left to Right—J. Bloomer, Miss M. Carson, J. K. Cameron, Miss B. Bond, H. L. Stringer, Miss V. Halliday, Mr. Morrison, Miss M. Sibbald, J. S. Spence, Miss B. Hamilton, H. Knowles, Mrs. Weldon (nee Noden).

Front Row, Left to Right—Miss E. Bond, N. C. Smith, Mrs. Thompson (nee Lottie Walker), Harvey Nichols, C. A. Whitehead, Mrs. C. A. Whitehead, Sam Hewitt, Mrs. R. D. MacLean (nee Maxwell), J. Logan, G. E. Graham, Mrs. W. J. Illsey (nee Emma Bell), W. J. Illsey, Mrs. J. J. Vaughan (nee Stella Leslie), E. Wilcox, Miss E. Bellamy.



The Days of Real Sport

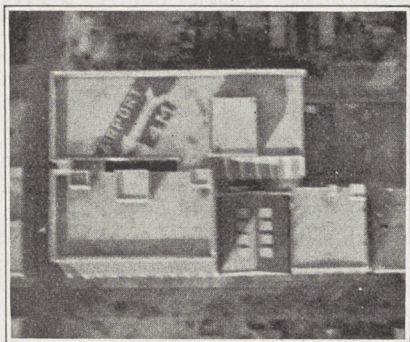
The second item on our programme of reminiscence is an aggregation of young sharpshooters who were famous for burning up all Basketball Courts round the town in 1907. Rogues, Summerettes, etc., please note!

Left to Right—Miss Sarah McRae, Miss H. Valentine, Miss Bertha Burns, Miss Jessie Christie, Miss Zella Nott, Miss Irene Johnston, Miss B. Hamilton, Miss Irene Meggett.

Mr. John David Eaton Goes Up in the Air

Mr. John David Eaton is a man of parts — displaying an unusual interest in practically every phase of life—and of the people who are living it.

Two of his many hobbies are photography and aeronautics, and the other day he showed us some samples of what had happened when he combined the two. He took his camera (an imported vest-pocket model of which he is pardonably proud) and stepped into a plane with his instructor. The instructor, by the way, is no longer a necessity when Mr. John David takes the air. He has "solo-ed" since, and is now privileged to roam the azure on his own. However—

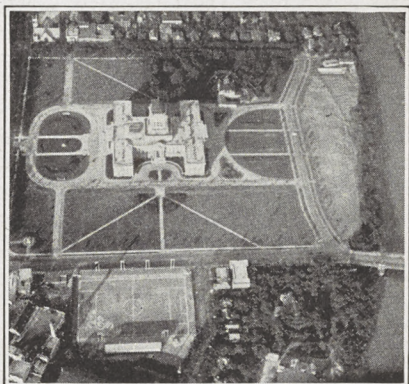


The plane, the instructor, Mr. John David and the camera rose gracefully from Stevenson Field and ascended some four or five thousand feet above the city. Then the instructor took the plane and Mr. Eaton took the camera and the combination went to work on a few "shots" which we reproduce here, and which would actually do credit to the most modern aerial photographic equipment.



They flew over the Mail Order Buildings and shot the direction sign which is painted on the top of M.O.B. No. 2. How many of our readers knew it was there? Don't blush—we didn't ourselves, as a matter of fact. Then they circled over and took a slanting shot at the city, taking in a considerable panorama which is familiar to all. We leave you the pleasure of picking out the various points of importance for yourself. Finally they cruised over and took the Parliament Buildings.

Finally, some days later, Mr. Eaton kindly gave *Contacts* permission to print some of his pictures, which, we consider, was no small break for *Contacts*, because of the interest they'd hold for our readers.



Departmental Ditties

Here and There—

252 Department received a considerable jolt early in June, when the Wages Office telephoned them with the information that Miss Connie Murray would not be back after her holidays, having seen fit, during that period, to take the big plunge with Mr. Harold Wilson, of this city. Is that nice? . . . Miss Hutton, of 221, is enjoying her "quarter-century" vacation, visiting Edmonton and continuing on to Southern California. All of Miss Hutton's 25 years of service have been with 221 Dept. . . Mrs. Amison, also of Chinaware, is paying a three-months' visit to her home at Stoke-on-Trent, England. Needless to say, Mrs. Amison will make a tour of inspection of the famous potteries located in her "home town." . . Mr. John David Eaton and Mr. Bert Matthews went a-fishing to Kenora on June 4th. For this purpose they used fishing rods, and it was doubtless on this expedition that they fixed up the golf handicaps which so grieved Mr. MacLean's (213) soul during the tournament. . . . Winnie Boyd and Ethel Dunk, sweet sylphs of 202 Dept., are to share a cottage at Winnipeg Beach this Summer. Extra foundation work is being placed under the one bed the establishment boasts. . . Mrs. Briggs, of 236, is now Mrs. MacKay, the wedding taking place on the 19th. Verna Hopper, of the same department, is holidaying in Prairie River, Sask., wherever that is. . . . Mr. Wood, supervisor of 254, recently returned from a buying trip East, and is now enjoying his "quarter-century" vacation. In the meantime, the remainder of the department is alive with questions: How long will it be before Harv. Benson's golf shoes dry out after his recent aquatic round? And were Jimmy Ross' shoes on or off on the 2nd June, 1916? Can Bimester make another hole-in-one? And how come Dinty Moore failed to push over Mr. Bucham in his golf game? . . . Joe Trainor and Barbara Harrison are stag-

ing a great battle for headlines up in 136. Barbara is observed looking at furniture, so Joe up and becomes a papa. Barbara crashes the department later with a fine finger-load of betrothal-ice, but Joe comes right back by buying a baby carriage and later bringing Master David up to the department (Master David scowled horribly at this indignity). We await Barbara's next assault with keenest relish! . . . Vi Welsh, of 219, is also carrying ice on the important finger, and so is Winnie Porter, late of 219 but now with 40, Mail. . . . Miss Millie Howard left the organization on June 11th, to become the bride of Mr. ? ? Miss Howard entered 40 Dept. at the time it was organized and has been there ever since.

Mrs. Shore, of 219 Dept., recently suffered a broken ankle. It has nicely mended as we go to press, however, and the department has long since welcomed her back to duty. . . . Miss Kelly, of 229 (Snack Counter) is leaving soon on her "quarter-century" vacation, visiting London, Paris and other European centres, including, as we hardly need to mention, her homeland, Old Ireland itself. . . Miss Annie Moore, of 122A, is also leaving on her "quarter-century" vacation about the middle of July. Miss Moore was born in Maberley, Near Perth, Ontario, coming West in 1906, went smack into Eaton's, where she has worked ever since. She will visit sisters in St. Paul. . . . Mr. Bonnar, of 254, appeared at the R.K.O. Winnipeg, recently—the fact suddenly being announced (and *not* whispered) to a startled audience, by a young woman of the department who recognized him in the News Reel feature he appeared in. Hollywood papers please copy.

Notwithstanding the recurring experience of reducing heat waves, and desire for retrenchment in time of "depression," the Minister of Militia is finding it necessary to add four inches of belting leather so that the expand-

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ing waist of Q.M.S. Murray may still be buckled in. His pals in the Grenadiers suggest a diet, and we think that Bill is considering it, if not indeed really on. We have advised a fishing trip, seeing that to the inexperienced the hours of waiting for a bite have a wearing-down effect. Of course, with Bill's knowledge of shoals and baits for the "big ones," the bringing in of the catch might prove to be the reducing factor. Here's hoping! Best wishes for a happy holiday are extended to Amy Butlin, of 7 Dept., who left Winnipeg, June 15th, for a three-months' visit to England. We hope her ideas of the rainy weather will be somewhat changed by the time we see her again. . . . Hope Ray Patching will also enjoy her long holiday, part of which we hear is going to be spent in Calgary with a Mrs. Johnson, who before her marriage was a fellow-worker in 7 Dept. Just imagine all the chin wagging when they get together. . . . Another person counting the working days is Gwen Sproule, who is going to motor with her family to Los Angeles for a period of about eight weeks.

217 Whoopee—

Word comes to us of a mad and merry pilgrimage made by the staff of 217 Department on the afternoon of Saturday, June 4th. First evidence of the impending outbreak came when, about 12:50, the severe blacks and whites of 217's service garb gave place to a riot of color calculated to give the well-known rainbow something to think about. The department left the Store about 1:00:02 $\frac{1}{4}$ and proceeded to invade the Moore's bus which had been chartered for the occasion. . . . Haldie lost her handbag and held up the parade looking for it (her many friends will be pleased to know that it has since been turned in). . . . Lockport was the destination, and the journey was uneventful, except for Johnny's feeding most of Mrs. Swain's candy to the driver (for some reason best known to herself). . . . Mrs. Swain, we neglected to mention, to-

gether with Mrs. Dougall and Mrs. Norman, were greatly appreciated guests at the battle. Arriving at the Locks, the department was to be entertained at the imposing ancestral mansion of Miss Johnston. Mr. Johnston, her father, acting as host in a highly accomplished and gallant manner. His affectionate salutation of one of the first ladies to alight from the chariot, and the subsequent remarks of several of the other ladies ("Isn't Mr. Johnston just a *darling!*")—leaving the rest of the male population tagging along miles behind. Mr. Johnston is superintendent of the Locks, and by virtue of his position, 217 was enabled to view several points of major interest generally closed to the vulgar herd. They climbed all over the Locks, yoo-hoo-ed and waved at all the fishermen below (until one of them was forced to put on smoked glasses in defence), and otherwise misbehaved delightedly all over the place, secure in the protection of the genial Mr. Johnston. (Charlie had on his tennis shoes.) Towards the close of the day a buffet meal of weiners, ice cream, tea, lemonade and other trimmings was smartly disposed of, and the party entrained for the homeward journey. En route, Billie and Mabel entertained the assemblage by their sprightly leading of a programme of Old Army Ballads that we're sure their mothers never taught them.

They're still talking about it, and as we go to press, word comes that the department was again entertained on Saturday, the 18th, at the Summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee at Ponemah. Details of this expedition, however, must of necessity wait until next issue.

161, 116, 177—

On the 24th of June, Miss Emily Whelham, Mr. Whitfield's secretary, had been with the firm twenty-five years. The department and friends presented Miss Whelham with a walrus overnight case, Mr. MacNeil presented her with a most attractive bouquet, and Mr. Whitfield followed suit with a

lovely box of chocolates. The girls of Dept. 116 decorated Miss Whelham's desk with silver and pink columbines.

Of course, our Quarter Centenarian received the customary white gold watch from the Firm. This occasion is still comparatively rare with us, and I'm sure encourages us all to stick by our guns (pardon—no pun meant) more determinedly than ever.

We understand Miss Lillian Cameron has just accepted a very lovely diamond ring. A little bird was whispering to us the other day that there has been some very keen rivalry in this courting—umm—our curiosity is all agog.

Also—we understand some of the 116 girls had a very jolly week-end at Beausejour during this month. What we want to know, though, is WAS the operation a success, Sally?

It has come to our ears that one or two of the girls started hitch-hiking for their holidays. Just how much walking was done? Did they walk, and run where the woods were good?

One thing we'd like to know is which young lady in 161 Dept. is so very fond of flowers? Anyway, they certainly look lovely, and far be it from us to prevent their continuance!

Found! A rare combination—a real blonde who tans to a golden brown! Interested? Take a peak into 177 Dept. some day.

—Beatrice Boyd.

239—

We're not very large in numbers—but what enthusiasm! . . . You will find them day after day shining that little light in people's eyes and oh! What eyes they see . . . sometimes wonder whether they can see far enough to read thoughts, but we won't jot them all down here.

Yes, and though small in numbers they are great sports—take a trip to the Osborne Stadium you'll find Frank Davis (goalkeeper for the Rangers). He takes about two steps across that goal, and it's no simple matter to get the ball past him.

Was watching a game the other evening and discovered how Frank keeps that boyish figure. Methinks he used the goal for bar exercises—with both hands up he can lift the ball right over the bar. Oh! 'tis a funny world—we can't all be tall and handsome.

Fred Olsen, after hooking that ball down the alleys all Winter scaring the pin boys to death, is now knocking the pill around the golf course. Look out, Freddie, no mean hooks with that club.

PLUCK

Sturdy, swarthy little imp,
Ever daring things impossible,
And oft succeeding, too.
Thou art not always wise,
Nor is thy record free from stain.
Multitudes have passed
The portals to the shades
Long before their time, because
Of thy impelling power.
Heroes hast thou made, moulding
From the common clay the men
That women worship.
Battles hast thou won
Against a thousand odds;
And every enterprise calling
For adventure and success
Found thee full armed
And ready for the fight.
In vain I caution thee,
For thou art often deaf and blind
When defeat and consequence
Cry "Halt before too late!"
As long as men war
With fate or circumstance,
Pale faced, and their blood
Colorless and thin as wine,
Mingle with the throng,
Shout to the fearful ones,
Push the coward with thy hand,
And those who will not heed thee
Leave to themselves, no worse
Rebuke, or even curse,
Could fall upon them.

—The "Arel"